

Helen Carlson
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Dear Mary,

We had a good time at the luncheon ourselves day with Ruthie, Jeanne, Gail, Sandy, Aunt Stella and me. After that every one wound up at Aunt Stella's. I came home but went over when they called to say every one was there but me. Aunt Stella had a repair man there to fix her new oven and he was delighted to join the party. Gail got pretty "tipsy" and really made a big play for Steve, the 30 year old repair man. We all left around 4 o'clock but Aunt Stella told me this morning that Gail stayed until almost midnight. Uncle Harold came home from work when Steve was still there drinking margarettas and he got rid of him, altho Steve was waiting for Gail. Harold finally went out

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and brought Chinese food home and they tried to get Gail to call Jim and let him know where she was but she wasn't in any hurry. The mean time Aunt Stella was so tired and she said Gail never stopped talking. Gail was begging and kissing Steve by the time he had to leave. When I was still there she told Steve she had a big problem and of course we all were anxious to hear what it was. Steve asked her what the problem was and she told him he should come over to her house and find out. Gail never did call her husband and Stella and Harold were worried about her driving home but suddenly she made it O.K. Steve was probably waiting for her around the corner. Now enough about the afternoon.

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I have been working awfully hard in the yard and also bringing down boxes from the attic and throwing out treasures <sup>of</sup> your youth and Jimmy's from your school days and also saving many things. I am sure the papers I throw away are more nostalgic to me than they would be to you, except you would have been going thru the boxes also.

We are really coming out in May so you can count on it.

If Ruthie and Joel and children hope to spend some time at your place I know Jimmy and Vicki will put up with dad and me. We at least won't be smoking up your place any more.

P.S. This letter is for Love,  
Jimmy also and then  
you should tear it up. MOM